Vol. VI. Numb. 57

THE OBSERVATOR.

The Gountry-man's *Reaſons, why the* Roman *Catholick Princes ſhould throw off the Pope's Supremacy, diſſolve the Monaſteries, and apply their Rents to carry on the War.* Bibles *given to the Penſioners of* Greenwich-Hoſpital, *and taken away by the Officers.*

From Saturday, September 13. to Wednesday, September 17. 1707.

Obſ. ROger, you promis'd me a choice Touch this Bout; I hope your Punch has not driven it out of your Head.

Country-m. No, Maſter; if you pleaſe, we'll have a Slap at the Pope.

Obſ. Have a Care, *Roger*, you don't call him the *He-Whore of Babylon*; and ſay any Great Prince is his Son, tho' he writes himſelf ſo.

Country-m. I will call him any Thing I pleaſe. He is ſuch an old impudent Fellow, I wonder he is not pull'd out of his Throne. He has excommunicated the Duke of *Savoy*, Count *Martinitz*, Governor of *Naples*, and all the *Imperial* Generals.

Obſ. Good News, *Roger:* And how does the Duke and the reſt take it.

Country-m. Why, the Duke of *Savoy* has declar'd his Excommunication null and void; and I wonder that he and all the other *Roman* Catholick Princes, have not long ere this time, renounc'd his Holineſs's Authority, as our *Henry* the VIII. did; and yet he liv'd and dy'd a Papiſh, and burnt other Folks, becauſe they would not be Papiſhes too.

Obſ. Honeſt *Roger*, you talk like a Country Politician, without conſidering Circumſtances. *Henry* the VIII. was a Magnanimous Prince, made a Great Figure in the World, was the Arbiter of *Chriſtendom* in his Time, and happen'd to quarrel with the Pope, at a Seaſon when both *Engliſh* Papiſts and Proteſtants were weary of being Slaves to the Court of *Rome:* The former, becauſe the Pope was continually draining their Purſes by Indulgences, Peterpence, and ſome ſuch holy Cheat; and not a Nobleman or Gentleman in *England* could get a Son or a Nephew promoted to a fat Benefice, ſo long as a hungry *Italian*, Nephew, or, if you will, Baſtard to Popes or Cardinals, wanted a plump fat Bit for their own Jaws. Theſe, and the other Tricks of the Court of *Rome*, had ſo incens'd our *Engliſh* Nobility and Gentry, that for ſome hundreds of Years before *Henry* the VIII's Time, they had been clipping the Wings of the Pope's uſurp'd Power over the Nation in Temporal Things, which made the Matter more eaſy to *Henry* the VIII. than you think off.

Country-m. Maſter, I thank you for this Information; it comforts the Cockles of my Country Heart. Come, *Joan*, bring Mr. *Obſervator* a Bumper of *October*, to chear his Spirits, that he may tell me the reſt of this Story. Make Haſte, Huzzy! for I long to hear it out.

Obſ. *October*, *Roger!* Do'ſt thou not ſee I ſtand more in need of a Cordial: I am not in a Condition to drink ſtrong Liquors.

Country-m. I beg your Pardon, Maſter. Go, *Joan*, bring out your Bottle of Surfeit-Water, or ſomething that's good. Next time I go to Town, I'll provide my ſelf with the beſt Cordials that the Fundament-drivers have in their Shops, for you.

Obſ. You're very kind, *Roger*. I'll go on with my Story, as I am able. Beſides what I told you, *Henry* the VIII. took an Opportunity to out-ſhoot the Pope in his own Bow: He knew well enough, that the Pope made the Princes and Great Men of the Earth his Vaſſals, by giving them large Draughts of Wine out of his Cup of Fornication.

Country-m. God bleſs you, Maſter, I have often read that, and I have ſometimes heard our Parſon talk of it, not *Joan*'s tacking Prieſt, but a good honeſt moderate Church-man. I long to know what that Cup of Vornication is, Maſter?

Obſ. Hold, *Roger*, you'll make *Joan* jealous by and by, if you interrupt me, before I tell you and her what this Fornication is, that the Pope bewitches the Kings and Great Men of the Earth with.

Country-m. Pray go on, Maſter; upon my Country Word, I won't interrupt you. Hearken to Maſter *Obſervator*, *Joan*, and don't have any ill Thoughts of your honeſt *Roger*.

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, the Pope's Fornication-Draught is made up of ſeveral Ingredients; one of them, and that a chief one too, is downright Bawdy, as I perceive you took it to be; which, in ſhort, is this: He can diſpenſe with the moſt enormous, criminal, and unnatural Luſts, and give Crown'd Heads and others, whoſe weak Side lies that way, a full Power to ſatisfy their brutiſh Paſſions, and waſh them as clean, by his Pardons, as the Whore in the *Proverbs* thought herſelf to be, when *ſhe wip'd her Mouth, and ſaid ſhe had done no Evil.* And to a Pardon of this ſort, I am well inform'd the Perſecution of *France* is owing. But of this enough, *Roger*, leſt the Beau-Writers and tacking Prieſts ſay I am uncivil to Crown'd Heads. But be that particular Inſtance true or falſe, this Liberty to commit Uncleanneſs, is one of the ſtrongeſt Supporters of the He-Whore's Throne.

Country-m. Pray how, Maſter?

Obſ. I'll tell thee, *Country-man*; by this Means he ties Monarchs, and other Great Men, with Apron-ſtrings, 'till he gets them into his *ſtrong BOX*, and then he's ſure of 'em.

Country-m. I gueſs at your Meaning, Maſter; King *Charles* the II. for that.

Obſ. I tell thee, *Roger*, thou'rt a meer Dunce: Ha'ſt thou not loſt Sacks of Wheat and Cows enough already, by telling thy Meaning? If thou

thou intendeſt to talk ſafely, thou muſt talk, and I muſt write, without Meaning; beware of the *Crown-Office*, *Roger*. Did you not promiſe upon your Country Word, that you would not interrupt me?

Country-m. Cry your Mercy, good Maſter; I won't then; pray go on.

Obſ. Roger, thou muſt know then, that if Princes be not inclin'd to Letchery in their own Perſons, it's ten to one but ſome of their Favourites and Miniſters may; and in that Caſe the Great He-Whore, by his Fathers-Confeſſors, *&c.* makes uſe of the Little She-Whores to make thoſe letcherous and leud Miniſters betray their Maſter's Secrets, and to ingage thoſe Princes, whoſe Favour they monopolize, to fall in with the Meaſures of the Court of *Rome*, many times when they don't know it.

Country-m. Very well, Maſter, I muſt own I have, by my impertinent Queſtions, diverted you from your Subject; pray tell me how *Henry* the VIII. out-ſhot the Pope in his own Bow?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, he did it by deſtroying the Nunneries, which depriv'd the Pope of the Aſſiſtance of ſo many Kennels of Whores, and by pulling down the Monaſteries, which depriv'd his Holineſs of the Opportunity of propagating his Kingdom by ſo many Stallions.

Country-m. And was that all, Maſter?

Obſ. No, *Roger*, there's another Ingredient in the Pope's Cup of Fornication, beſides Letchery, and that's Gold, by which he alſo bewitches the Kings and Great Ones of the Earth; and this *Henry* the VIII. did alſo take away from the Pope, by pulling down the Monaſteries, and dividing or ſelling the Rents of them to our Nobility and Gentry; and this made them as true and faithful Vaſſals to the Crown of *England*, as they were formerly to the Pope's *Tiara*; and by throwing off the Pope's Supremacy, he could make the Clergy contribute to the Neceſſities of the State, as well as other Subjects, without aſking Leave of the Court of *Rome*.

Country-m. Now, Maſter, I begin to underſtand your Meaning; you draw deep; I perceive you would have the *Roman* Catholick Princes, now in the Confederacy, take the ſame Meaſures, in order to ſupport the War, as *Henry* the VIII. did, ſince the Pope has provok'd them, as well as he did him.

Obſ. It's ſtrange, *Roger*, that you will ſtill talk of Meaning: I ſay, *Roger*, that you and I muſt do as the Beau-Writers do, talk without Senſe or Meaning. If we would ſave our Bacon, we muſt become meer *Skitters of Words*, as the *Scotch* ſay of *De Foe*.

Country-m. What's that, Maſter? I don't underſtand *Scotch*.

Obſ. That's to ſay, *Roger*, we muſt talk without Senſe or Reaſon, as he does; and ſquirt out Words that ſhall ſignify no more, than a Squirt from our Poſteriors, that makes a Noiſe and a Stink, and that's all.

Country-m. Maſter, you are become very cautious; what's the Meaning of this? I muſt look out for another Maſter; you have loſt all your *Engliſh* Courage.

Obſ. What, Meaning ſtill *Roger*! Don't you know, that we muſt be civil to our Allies: We muſt not put them upon a Lock; they are our Confederates; we muſt not adviſe them to pull down their Wooden Gods; that were to pull an old Houſe about our Ears.

Country-m. Pull here, pull there, Maſter; I am ſure this War pulls Money out of my Pocket, and out of the Pockets of all the People of *England*; and my Country Senſe can perceive no Reaſon, why *Engliſh* Money ſhould be pull'd out of the Nation, to maintain a War for the *Roman* Catholick Princes Abroad, and pay their Troops, when they have Money enough in their own Countries to maintain ſo many idle Abby-Lubbers, and Kennels of Nuns, that might be better imploy'd to maintain their Armies? If the fat-belly'd Monks and Fryars will not carry Pikes and Muſkets for Defence of their Country, let them ſtarve and be hang'd; and if the Nuns will not marry, and live honeſtly, and bring forth Children to ſupply the Place of thoſe that are knock'd o'th' Head in the Wars, inſtead of throwing their Baſtards into Wells and Pit-holes, let them be ſent to the Houſe of Correction, and beat Hemp, and let the Product of their Labour, be apply'd to the Uſe of the War. Why ſhould not they work for the Publick, as well as my *Joan*, and my Daughters *Jug* and *Kate*? I am ſure, Maſter, if they did not help fill the Dung-Cart, ſpin, and do ſuch other Country-Work, I could not pay the Queen her Taxes, God bleſs her: And why ſhould not theſe Papiſh Princes follow the Example of *Henry* the VIII? He was as good a Papiſh as any of them.

Obſ. The *October* is got into thy Head, *Roger*; thou talkeſt like a Mad-man. Put him to Bed, *Joan*, or get him ſome *Helleb*or to purge his Brains, except he will call another Cauſe.

Country-m. You're very peeviſh, Maſter; I'll call another Cauſe, rather than put you into a *Hippo*, for I perceive your Vapours riſe apace: And ſince you don't love to be too long upon one Cauſe, here's another.

A Stationer, who lives on Tower-Hill, *and is one of the Governors of St.* Thomas's Hoſpital, *did give ſix Folio* Bibles *to lie in the Wards of* Greenwich-Hoſpital, *for the Uſe of the poor Men; for which, his Name was ſet up as a Benefactor; but theſe* Bibles *are now taken up by the Officers, into their own Cuſtodies.*

This, I am ſure of. Pray give me your Opinion of it, Maſter?

Obſ. Why, *Roger*, your Opinion and mine ſignifies nothing. I told you lately, that King *William* ſaid, the Management of *Greenwich-Hoſpital* was a National Cheat, and therefore it's fit for a National Enquiry. In the mean time, it's hard that thoſe poor Wretches, whoſe Bones have been broke in the Service of their Country, ſhould be cheated thus, both of their bodily and ſpiritual Food, when it's given them by ſuch honeſt true-hearted *Engliſh*-men, as the Stationer you mention! I'm perſwaded, the Officers, that have taken away the *Bibles*, did it not for any Love they have to read in them. I believe, if their Cloſets were ſearch'd, they will be found better ſtor'd with Play-Books and Romances, than *Bibles* and Prayer-Books: But the Parliament's approaching, *Roger*; ſuch publick Grievances ought to be the Subject of their Inquiry and Debates; they may do it ſafely, without Fear of the *Crown-Office*, for it is not big enough to hold them. And ſo, *Roger*, good Night.

Advertiſements.

Juſt publiſh'd,

*** An Anſwer to Captain *Dampier*'s Vindication of his Voyage to the *South-Sea*, in the Ship *St. George*. With particular Obſervations on his ungenerous, falſe and barbarous Uſage to his Ship's Crew. By *John Welbe*, Midſhip-man, on Board Captain *Dampier*'s Ship. Sold by *B. Bragge*, in *Pater-Noſter-Row*. Price 1 *d.*

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Theſe are to give Notice,

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